

# The Old Man and the Sea

## Anekdoten

The storm has raged here for hours,  
the water's plunging in on me  
The remains of my creation  
is swallowed slowly down  
    by the troubled sea  
    into unconsecrated ground  
gone eternally, gone eternally  
    Feeder of my visions,  
    carrier of my soul  
The last hope for the dreamers,  
    now crashing to the shore,  
    pinioned and torn  
    In presumption and with my foolish pride  
I challenged the storm, I challenged the storm  
    I'm the sole survivor,  
    the only one left alive  
Now my limbs seem to fail me  
and time has blurred my mind  
    I'm doomed to this fate  
The deal has already been signed  
    and the hour's getting late  
The hour's getting late, much too late

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